

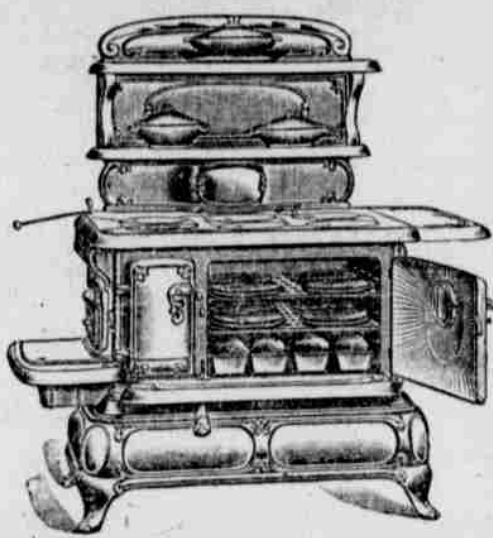
The Real Woman Question Is how soon can she get a Glenwood



The Range that
"Makes Cooking Easy"

A Glenwood Coal or Gas Range for cooking, and a
Glenwood Parlor Stove, Furnace or Boiler for heating
means solid comfort and less fuel.

Reynolds & Son, Barre



DEMOCRATS 'GOING STRONG'

But Republicans Strengthen
Lines in Several States

AND BULL MOOSE HANGING ON

Friends of Mr. Taft Declare That Repub-
licans Who Were Threatening to Vote
for Mr. Wilson Are Now Com-
ing Back to the Fold.

New York, Oct. 14.—President Taft
making gains in several states, but still
third.

The Bull Moose nominee holding his
own, losing in some sections and gain-
ing in others.

Governor Wilson still well in the lead
of both his rivals and still going strong.
Such is the situation in the great bat-
tle for the presidency, as indicated by
the New York Herald's canvass twenty-
two days before election.

Conditions have changed but slightly
since the last installment of the Herald's
review was published a week ago. If
test ballots and reports of trained polit-
ical observers are to be accepted as an
index Governor Wilson is easily the fa-
vorite. The Bull Moose movement has,
to all appearances, touched its highest
point. Best indications obtainable by
the Herald at this time, however, are
that the Bull Moose nominee is running
second and the president third, with a
chance in some states, if the present
growth of his movement continues, to
overtake his nearest rival.

Test ballots taken in states both east
and west of the Mississippi continue for
the most part to place Governor Wilson
first, with the president third in the
race.

Friends of the president and some of
his campaign managers declare, however,
that the tide toward the president has
not yet turned. They point to a drift to
him in California, at the dynamite con-
spiracy trial Saturday identified a circular
letter as having been addressed to all
local unions of the International Asso-
ciation of Bridge and Structural Iron
Workers notifying them of a temporary
suspension of a detailed accounting of
the union's finances.

It was in this letter, the government
charged, that the executive board, head-
ed by President Frank M. Ryan, in 1906,
began allowing \$1,000 monthly to Mc-
Namara that he secretly might carry on
the explosions which continued until his
arrest in April, 1911.

Miss Smith was the first former em-
ployee of the Iron Workers to testify.
The purported circular letter, announc-
ing that the executive board during the
fight against the "open shop" employers
had decided to suspend the rules was
handed the witness.

"Did you ever see that paper before?"
asked James W. Noel, counsel for the
government.

"Yes," answered Miss Smith. "It was
mailed to all the 92 local unions by di-
rection of J. J. McNamara."

McNamara was secretary-treasurer of
the union, whose headquarters then were
in Cleveland.

Miss Sylvia C. Smith and Mrs. A. J.
Hull, Omaha, also employed by Mc-
Namara as stenographers, identified let-
ters taken from the iron workers' files
after the headquarters were moved to
Indianapolis. Many of the letters, the
witness testified, bore in McNamara's
handwriting "Referred to Executive
Board" or "Referred to F. M. Ryan."

They were the letters which the govern-
ment, in its opening statement, said
would show that a dynamite conspiracy
was conducted through the mails and
show the defendants to be "linked to-
gether in guilt."

After Measles Whooping Cough or Scarlet Fever

is a critical period—weakened
throats, delicate bronchial
tubes and unsound lungs often
follow; sometimes impaired
sight or hearing.

But if SCOTT'S EMULSION
is taken promptly and regularly
after the fever subsides it
quickly and effectually re-
stores appetite, strength and
flesh.

Scott's Emulsion contains
the elements nature requires
to restore sound health.

GIRL HEARD IN DYNAMITE CASE

Stenographer Identifies Circular on Sus-
pension of Accounting—Charges
Plot by Mail.

Indianapolis, Oct. 14.—Miss Clara E.
Smith, a stenographer formerly employ-
ed by John J. McNamara, now in prison
in California, at the dynamite con-
spiracy trial Saturday identified a circular
letter as having been addressed to all
local unions of the International Asso-
ciation of Bridge and Structural Iron
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suspension of a detailed accounting of
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ment, in its opening statement, said
would show that a dynamite conspiracy
was conducted through the mails and
show the defendants to be "linked to-
gether in guilt."

KILLS GIRL TO SAVE HER.

Crazed Foster Father Feared She Was
Wayward—Shoots Himself.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14.—William Hayes
today shot and killed his adopted
daughter, Ethel Hayes, to save her from
waywardness and then turned the revolver
on himself and attempted suicide.

His death in the Episcopal hospital is
momentarily expected.

Mother, father, son and adopted
daughter came here from England sev-
eral years ago. They lived in West Lin-
coln street, Germantown. Ethel grew
vexed under restraint and two months
ago told her foster parents that she
would not live with them longer, but
was going to board with her friends.

Since then the father has acted queer-
ly. As Ethel was walking along Lehigh
avenue in front of the Episcopal hospi-
tal shortly after noon her father stepped
out from behind a tree and shot and
killed her. Bystanders who had seen the
attack rushed to capture him, but he de-
liberately placed the revolver in his own
mouth and fired, the bullet lodging in
his brain.

Street Car Manners.

In an article on "Etiquette" in the Oc-
tober Woman's Home Companion ap-
pears the following about street and
street car manners.

"A woman should get on a car ahead
of a man, but when they leave it, the
man should descend first, and be ready
to give the woman his hand to help her
to the ground. If the car is crowded
and another man rises to give a seat
to the woman escorted by a man, the lat-
est should lift his hat in recognition of
the courtesy. If a woman is alone, she
should acknowledge the offer of a seat
by a bow and a word of thanks. The
man who is escorting a woman pays her
fare; but should they meet by chance, it
is not etiquette for him to do this."

"It is taken for granted, of course,
that a man should lift his hat when
meeting a woman, or when walking with
anyone who bows to someone, whether
he knows the person bowed to or not.
Also, he should take it off in answering
a question put to him by a woman;
when he steps aside to make way for
her, or shows her any other courtesy;
when he gets into an elevator with her,
or enters a shop with her, and he should
stand uncovered during a chance con-
versation with a woman on the street.
If a man meets a woman he knows, it
is his part to bow first. Even if she is
not on good terms with him, she should
incline her head, no matter with how
cold and distant a manner. Only a very
violent misdemeanor justifies a woman
in giving a man or indeed, another wom-
an, the cut direct."

"The same quietness of demeanor
which marks well-bred people in public
conveyances or meeting-places, should
be practised on the street. Careless in
public, or calling to acquaintances the
width of the street away, are distinctly
in bad form; and a lack of consideration
for others is shown in the carelessness
which does not keep to the right side of
the sidewalk in promading, which
rushes through swinging doors without
a backward glance to see whom the door
may catch in the rebound, which presses
in ahead at box-office and ticket-office
with no respect for the rights of those
earlier on the ground. Another viola-
tion of courtesy is to be laid to the
charge of the man who smokes on the
street when with a woman."

ROME'S COLISEUM

Majestic Even In Its Ruins Is the
Historic Old Edifice.

ITS BLOOD SATURATED ARENA

On the Occasion of Its Inauguration
Five Thousand Wild Animals and Ten
Thousand Captives Were Slain in an
Orgy That Lasted a Hundred Days.

Second only to the Acropolis at Ath-
ens in interest to the antiquarian and
historian in his study of ruins of Eu-
rope is the Coliseum at Rome. This
historic edifice was erected during the
reigns of Vespasian and Titus and in
honor of the latter. It is said that 60,
000 Jews were engaged in its erection
for ten years.

It was a feudal fortress for a long
time and finally a quarry from which
were built churches and palaces until
by its consecration as holy ground on
account of the number of martyrs sup-
posed to have been immolated there,
further ravages were stopped.

It is said to have given seats to 87,
000 spectators and was inaugurated A.
D. 80, the same year in which Titus
died, on which occasion 5,000 wild ani-
mals and 10,000 captives were slain.
The inauguration lasted 100 days. An
ecclesiastical tradition makes the archi-
tect to have been a Christian, one
Gaudentius, afterward a martyr.

This structure was originally called
the Amphitheatrum Flavium, but since
the time of Bebe it has been known as
the Coliseum, probably given in be-
cause of its enormous size.

The Roman Coliseum became the
spot where prince and people met to-
gether to witness those sanguinary ex-
hibitions the degrading effect of which
on the Roman character can hardly be
overestimated. The circumference of
the building is 1,641 feet, the height of
the outer wall is 157, the length of the
arena 278 feet and its width 177. It
covers an area of six acres.

It is only by ascending to the upper
terrace that the enormous size of the
Coliseum is fully seen, and by moon-
light the effect of size and massiveness
is much increased. The ruins south of
the Coliseum are supposed to have been
the Vivicarium, in which were kept the
wild beasts for the combats.

As a general description of the build-
ing the following passage of Gibbon is
said to be perfect: "The outside of the
edifice was incrustated with marble and
decorated with statues. The slopes of
the vast concave which formed the in-
side were filled and surrounded with
sixty or eighty rows of seats, of mar-
ble likewise, covered with cushions
and capable of receiving with ease
about 80,000 spectators. Sixty-four
"vomitories" (for by that name the doors
were very aptly distinguished) poured
forth the immense multitude, and the
entrances, passages and staircases
were contrived with such exquisite
skill that each person, whether of the
senatorial, the equestrian or the ple-
beian order, arrived at his destined
place without trouble or confusion.

Nothing was omitted which in any re-
spect could be subservient to the con-
venience and pleasure of the specta-
tors. They were protected from the
sun and rain by an ample canopy, oc-
casionally drawn over their heads. The
air was continually refreshed by the
playing of fountains and profusely im-
pregnated by the grateful scent of aro-
matics.

"In the center of the edifice the arena
was strewn with the finest sand and
successfully assumed the most differ-
ent forms. At one moment it seemed
to rise out of the earth like the garden
of the Hesperides, and was afterward
broken into the rocks and caverns of
Thrace. The subterranean pipes con-
veyed an inexhaustible supply of
water, and what had just before ap-
peared a level plain might be suddenly
converted into a wide lake, covered
with armed vessels and replenished
with the monsters of the deep.

"In the decoration of these scenes
the Roman emperors displayed their
wealth and liberality, and we read on
various occasions that the whole fur-
niture of the amphitheater consisted
either of silver or of gold or of amber."

"The poet who describes the game of
Carinus in the character of a shepherd
attracted to the capitol by the fame of
their magnificence affirms that the nets
designed as a defense against the wild
beasts were of gold wire, that the por-
ticoes were gilded and that the 'belt' or
circle which divided the several ranks
of spectators from each other was studded
with a precious mosaic of beautiful
stones."

In ancient times there was hardly a
town in the Roman empire which had
not an amphitheater large enough to
contain vast multitudes of spectators,
and as specimens of architecture the
amphitheaters were more remarkable
for the mechanical skill and admirable
adaptation to their purpose displayed
in them than for any beauty of shape
or decoration.—Chicago News.

Advice From Her Lawyer.

Timothy Coffin, who was prominent
at the Bristol county bar in the last
century, once secured the acquittal of
an old woman accused of stealing a
piece of pork. As she was leaving the
courtroom she put her hand to her
mouth and in audible whisper said:

"Mr. Coffin, what'll I do with the
pork-rut?"

Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you
fool! The judge says you didn't steal
it."—Boston Herald.

Willing.

"Now," began the philosopher, "take
the life of your neighbor, for instance.
He—"

"I'd do it in a minute," interrupted
the practical man, "if the law would
not interfere. He's learning to play
the cornet."

Chocolate.

Do not take time to grate chocolate.
Put the desired amount in a saucepan
and place over the top of a teakettle
until melted.

A DOG'S REVENGE.

By EDWIN C. MOORE

There is a ring on my telephone.
I go to the telephone and take down
the receiver. I hear sounds as of a
scuffle and words distant from the in-
strument—"Oh, my God!"—the growl
of a dog, then his bark.

I have heard that bark for years and
know it well. It comes from Bruin,
the Robinsons' dog. There are more
sounds—confused, unintelligible except
so far as they indicate strife—Bruin's
barking, a man's harsh voice and
screams. A door is slammed and all is
quiet.

I drop the receiver, run downstairs,
catch up a pitchfork as I pass the barn
and hurry down the hill. I try to go up
the incline as fast as I came down the
slope, but I can't do it. Nevertheless
when I reach the red farmhouse I vault
the fence and go through the wide
open door into the hall. I hear the
whining of a dog, follow it and open
a bedroom door. Mrs. Robinson is
lying on the floor gasping. Bruin is
bleeding from many cuts. Neverthe-
less he rejoices at the arrival of suc-
cess, wagging his tail, jumping up on me
and running back and forth between
me and his mistress.

The first thing to do is to bring a
doctor. I find the telephone receiver
lying on a table beside the instrument.
I call up the central office and for a
physician from the town over the hill
to the southward, then lifted Mrs. Rob-
inson from the bed, then call on the
neighbors for help. It is fully twenty
minutes before the first one arrives.
Thank heavens, it is a woman! A few
minutes later a man comes. I wait no
longer. I am burning with a thirst to
strike the perpetrator of this outrage.
I do not stop to learn if property has
been taken by which I may identify
him.

"Fool!" I exclaim. "You should
have killed the dog. Come, Bru!"

Going downstairs three steps at a
time, I turn in at the barn, put a bridle
on a horse and, not waiting to saddle
him, with the pitchfork as my only
weapon, sally forth. Bru has gone on
with his nose to the ground. He's not a
bloodhound, but is a hunter, and that
is nearly as good. I question
if the man has twenty minutes' start.

On the way Bru raised his head and
gave a low growl, but lowered his
nose again and on overtaking a man
walking passed him without notice.
The man looked at me curiously. Then
it occurred to me that I must be a
caricature of a knight errant, without
saddle and a pitchfork instead of a
lance.

Bru ran, I trotting a little beside
him. Having noticed the blood he had
lost, I wondered how he had the
strength to go on. I feared he would
give out before we could overtake the
fugitive. He smelt revenge as well as
the villain, and doubtless this kept
him up. If ever a dog had the in-
stinct that a man may feel for ven-
geance it was Bru.

Presently he left the road and,
crawling through a fence, entered a
thicket. I could not follow mounted,
so throwing the reins over a post I
proceeded on foot. I believed that we
were nearing the end, for the man
would not go far through the tangled
underwood. He had doubtless gone in
there to hide.

A growl from Bru and the sound of
breaking bushes, both where he was
and ahead of him. Beating aside the
brush I strained every muscle to get on.
I was not far behind the dog and the
dog was not far behind a sound of
breaking underbrush. He was giving
sharp, quick barks. He burst into an
open space, I after him.

A man on the other side of the open-
ing had turned and was leveling a pis-
tol at the dog. But Bru, giving furious
leaps, was a hard mark to hit. The
first ball did not touch him, and there
was no time for another. Bru sprang
for the man's throat. With his left
hand he attempted to push off the dog,
with the other he was trying to draw
a knife. He had got it out and was
about to make a lunge at the dog's
body, just under the foreleg, when I,
who am more expert with a pitchfork
than any other weapon, caught his arm
between the two prongs. This gave
Bru full swing, and he buried his teeth

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Stepladder Made From an
Ordinary Packing Box.



In the man's neck. Both rolled over on
the ground and the knife fell from the
man's grip.

"Take him off!"

The pistol as well as the knife was
on the ground and, being handy with
my own weapon, I thought I might risk
relieving the man of Bru. But I mis-
took my ability to do so. I called to
the dog without producing any effect,
then began to belabor him with the
handle of the pitchfork—all to no pur-
pose. While I had heard his mistress's
screams he had seen her in the villain's
clutches. My desire was for human
revenge—the dog's that of the brute,
sharpened by a brute's blind love. I
could not bring myself to exercise all
my power in belaboring him, and no
ordinary blows would avail. I tried to
pull him off, but he clung tenaciously.
At last the man must have fainted, for
he lay still. Then Bru suddenly keeled
over.

I set up a shout, but it was unneces-
sary. Persons passing on the road
heard the scuffle and came up as the
contest ended.

Mrs. Robinson, Bru and the would be
murderer recovered, but it would have
been better for the last if the dog had
killed him, for he is living a life sen-
tence in state prison.

HAYDN AND THE ROD.

When the Budding Composer Was
Flogged by Royal Command.

An amusing incident of the healthy
boyhood of the great composer, Jo-
seph Haydn, is given by Mary Maxwell
Moffatt in her biography of the Aus-
trian empress, Maria Theresa.

When Von Reutter became chair-
man of St. Stephen's cathedral he had
Joseph Haydn among his pupils.

During a visit to the Hungarian
Prince Esterhazy, in 1773, Maria Ther-
esa took occasion to say a word of
praise to Haydn, who had composed
the music of the opera given in her
honor and had conducted the perform-
ance. She expressed the conviction
that she had seen him before, although
she could not remember the occasion.

"The last time your majesty was
pleased to take notice of me," said
Haydn, "you ordered me a good thrash-
ing."

"That does not sound like me," re-
joined the empress. "How did it hap-
pen?"

Then Haydn told of a Whitsuntide
when, with other pupils of Von Reutter,
he had been brought to Schoenbrunn to
sing in the chapel. Between the serv-
ices the boys took to clambering over
the scaffolding of the new vines of the
palace. The empress caught sight of
them and sent word forbidding the
dangerous sport. But the attraction
of the scaffolding was irresistible. On
the following day the boys were again
risking their necks. When Maria
Theresa expostulated with Von Reut-
ter his surmise that the ringleader was
"that young scamp, Joseph Haydn,"
led her to suggest that the rod be used
to improve his memory.

The Glowworm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the antipodes
is the celebrated glowworm cavern,
discovered in 1891 in the heart of the
Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or
caverns (there appears to be a series of
such caverns in the vicinity, each sepa-
rate and distinct) are situated near the
town of Southport, Tasmania, in a
limestone bluff, about four miles from
Ida bay. The appearance of the main
cavern is that of an underground river,
the entire floor of the subterranean
passage being covered with water about
a foot and a half in depth. These
wonderful Tasmanian caves are sim-
ilar to all caverns found in limestone
formation, with the exception that
their roofs and sides literally shine
with the light emitted by the millions
of glowworms which inhabit them.

Sure of His Umbrella.

Departing Guest—Dear me, what a
wet night! I wonder if you could give
me the loan of an umbrella? Host—
Certainly, but—well, the fact is, I think
I would be the better for a walk. I'll
just take a turn home with you and
shelter you by the way.

A Sad Feature.

Jack—Engagement is off, eh? Has
she sent him back the ring? Tom—
No; that's what's bothering him. He
owes money on that ring.—New York
Press.

To smile at the jest which plants a
thorn in another's breast is to become
a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

Sweet Potato Pie.

Boil sufficient sweet potatoes to make
a pint of pulp. When pressed through
a sieve add a pint of milk, a small cup-
ful of sugar, a little salt, the beaten
yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of
lemon juice. Bake in deep pie plates
lined with rich crust. When done cover
with frosting made of whites of eggs
and confectioner's sugar. Brown two
minutes in the oven.

Quince Honey.

Pare and grate five large quinces.
To one pint of boiling water add five
pounds of sugar. Stir over fire until
sugar is dissolved, add quince and cook
fifteen or twenty minutes. Turn into
glass jars. When cold it should be about
the color and consistency of honey.

A Wooden Packing Case or Box.

A wooden packing case or box,
about thirty inches long, fifteen inches
wide and ten inches deep, with the
cover attached, can often be obtained
at the grocery's. A box of this size
should have sides and covers from a
quarter to three-eighths of an inch
thick and ends at least one-half inch
thick. When the wood is of this thick-
ness the box will make a very serv-
iceable stepladder if it be saved in
two parts upon a line drawn across
the top just one-half its depth—say
five inches, a line across the lower
end of the box two and one-half inches
from the front edge and on diagonal
lines upon the two sides, which are
drawn to meet the end lines at top and
bottom.

The two pieces are then hinged to-
gether with one inch flat hinges let
into the two parts in such a fashion
that when the ladder is closed the hinges
will allow the two pieces to come
close together.

The steps, which are put on after
the box is closed, should be one-half
inch thick at least, with a cleat firmly
nailed to the sides under each end.

The six legs add nothing to the effi-
ciency of the ladder, but give it the
appearance of a piece of furniture.

Mustard Pickles.

Two quarts cucumbers, one quart
green tomatoes; cut these in small
pieces. One quart little onions, cut in
half. One large cauliflower divided
into tiny flowerets, three bell pep-
pers cut in coarse bits. Cover with
brine (made one cupful coarse salt to
one gallon of water), let stand over
night, then scald in the brine. Drain,
make a paste of six tablespoonfuls of
ground mustard, three of flour, two
of sugar and two quarts of vinegar.
Heat vinegar and mix dry ingredients
with vinegar enough to dissolve, then
add to boiling vinegar, let thicken and
pour over pickles, etc. Add one table-
spoonful turmeric powder to this
yellow. It is used to make them
yellow.

Apple Sauce Cake.

One cupful of sugar and one cupful
of shortening creamed together. Add
one saltspoonful of salt, one-quarter
teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoon-
ful of cinnamon, a little nutmeg and
one cupful of raisins. Dissolve one
teaspoonful of soda in a little warm
water and then stir it into a cupful of
apple sauce. Let it foam over the in-
gredients in the bowl. Beat it all
thoroughly and add one and one-half
cupfuls of flour. Bake in a loaf tin
about forty-five minutes. No eggs,
milk or water.

Wild Grape Jelly For Game.

Pick over, wash and remove stems
from one peck of wild grapes. Put in
a preserving kettle with one quart
of vinegar and one-fourth cupful each
of whole cloves and stick cinnamon bro-
ken into pieces. Heat gradually to the
boiling point and let simmer until the
grapes are soft. Strain through a dou-
ble thickness of cheesecloth and let
boil twenty minutes. Add six pound-
utes of heated sugar and let boil five min-
utes. Turn into glasses.

Boston Chowchow.

One peck green tomatoes, one bunch
celery, six small onions, two green
peppers, two pounds brown sugar, one
tablespoonful each of allspice, cloves,
cinnamon, pepper and salt, two to
three quarts of vinegar. Wash toma-
atoes and slice them, arrange in layers,

THE MIGHTY ONION.

A Tribute to This Vegetable With an
Artistic Temperament.

Kill the onion and you leave a gap in
the universe. Kill anything else and
there is a substitute. The potato is
akin to the cereals; squash and cab-
bage and turnips and cauliflower are
of the same family; beans are elongat-
ed peas; the lemon is a pessimistic
orange; beef